

# Tangled Up With Dragons

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Summary: What happens when everyone's favorite sheltered princess ends up running away from home and falling off a cliff due to a...horse? And only to wash up on the shores of Berk and be taken in by the chief and his son? And when a dragon enters the picture doesn't make things much simpler now does it? Especially with an evil adoptive mother chasing down her runaway daughter

## 1. Chapter 1

A small sigh escaped the lips of Rapunzel as she put the finishing touches to her hair; she pulled her paint brush away before smiling softly at her latest of murals coating the walls of her tower. It consisted of her sitting in a tree watching the floating lights up close instead of locked away in her tower as it had been for her entire life. The blonde sighed to herself again; her seventeenth birthday was in six months, though to her it might as well have been a billion years. Six months until the floating lights would rise up in the sky for fifteen glorious minutes of her life, she felt as if she was in her own little world, it was magical. "But it would be even more magical if you were there in person" Rapunzel said out loud to herself. She slapped a hand quickly over her mouth, how dare her conscience say that. "You know what mother says is out there" Rapunzel began arguing with herself, "There's ruffians and Thugs and cannibals andâ€¦" She stuttered a little, another breeze had just swept by, bringing up the smell of fresh grass. It was intoxicating. Rapunzel had always wondered what fresh grass felt like. She remembered her mother bring a handful of blades to her once, she had spent the next couple hours rubbing the grass on her face, her pads of her feet, and between her toes. Though, it still hadn't filled that wonder part of her enough, she actually needed to be there for it to be complete. A grimace spread across Rapunzel's features, was she always going to have false hopes at the end of all her dreams, it couldn't beâ€¦it just couldn't be. The blonde stood up straight and puffed out her small chest with her fists clenched at her sides, now determined from the gutsy decision she had just made.

"Get anything you may need Pascal". The chameleon squeaked from the bed in confusion, "We're leaving" Pascal replied in high pitch protest, one that made Rapunzel freeze from the activity she was going.

"I just can't stay here anymore Pascal" Rapunzel softly said, the chameleon squeaked another protest speech to her. "Don't worry I wouldn't leave permanently" Pascal raised an eyebrow in disbelief, "We will come back. I just want to go get a glimpse of the world, see if I am really too weak to handle myself out there as mother says I am, please?" The chameleon looked to his pleading friends face. He had made a vow to always watch over Rapunzel after she had saved him when he had escaped from some animal smugglers and was on the brink of death. This was her dream though; could he really deny her this chance to live her dream? Pascal sighed to himself; he sure hoped he knew what he was doing. Pascal climbed up to her shoulder and nuzzled against chin in approval, Rapunzel kissed his tiny scaly in thanks. "Wait! No I shouldn't be doing this! I should definitely not be doing this! What about mother? Will her poor heart take it? I can't let her heart break" she said snapping out of her determination. The conflicted young woman didn't even see Pascal roll his eyes at her sudden change in heart, that's all he needed, another one of her conflicts with herself. She just couldn't do this to Mother Gothel! The woman, who had raised her and cared for her, always told her she loved her. This would just break her mother's heart! She couldn't do that, could she? She gulped as she held her frying pan close to her chest. The blonde's feet betrayed her as they kicked her massive hair out the window, creating the perfect way for her to escape her doorless tower. Just one slide down and she could fully be a part of this world. One of her feet immediately hooked around her hair, "No you don't, get back here!" She exclaimed to her foot, but only have her other foot loop into the golden locks, "Oh this is happening! This is happening!" Rapunzel panicked as her body betrayed her commands as hand over hand, she began climbing down her makeshift rope. However, once the blonde finally calmed her mind and wheezing breath, she actually began enjoying this. Rapunzel felt with every inch she was climbing down, more and more invisible weight was taken off her shoulders, it was the taste of close freedom. Rapunzel began giggling excitedly as she was now only a few feet away from the ground, from her fantasy land. Though she came to an abrupt halt her eyes wide as she looked down at the grass in terror unsure if how it would feel against her bare feet, the blonde gulped before nervously placing her foot down cautiously and then her other. "I can't believe I'm doing this" she squealed her eyes widening in joy before she pulled down her massive hair where it landed behind her in pile. A wide smile crossed her lips as she began to twirl around in joy before she joyfully ran out of the cove. It didn't take long before the blonde stopped short and stood against a tree holding her frying pan loosely in her hand "I'm a despicable daughter. I'm going back." "I am never going back!" she squealed cartwheeling down a hill shortly after. Rapunzel hummed softly to herself before her brow furrowed as the ground started to vibrateâ€¦..wait vibrate? She blinked perplexed before Pascal hid in her hair as the noise got closer. "Thugs! Ruffians! Men with pointy teeth! Why didn't I listen to mother!" she managed to say fear already consuming her as she bolted through the forest not even looking back as the noises got closer. The blonde looked around as she found herself on the top of a water fall. She panted softly and felt dread and panic filling her by the minutes. Her eyes widened as the noises got closer and a small shriek escaped her lips as a group of men dressed in uniforms and a frighteningly

large muscular white horse emerged from the forest. The blonde backed up as they approached before Pascal let out a little squeal but it was all too late as the blonde lost her footing and screamed as she fell backwards into thin air and only to splash into the river. Rapunzel struggled to keep a float and spat out water as the current brought her farther away. With her luck she might end up being dragged out to sea.

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## 2. Chapter 2

The sky is so black that you can almost see whole galaxies if you look close enough, but it's still morning. Well, really early morning anyway. The angry white-capped ocean waves crash against the shore of our island as the wind rushes through the trees and whistles through the village.

This is Berk. It's twelve degrees North of Hopeless and just a few degrees South of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village. In a word: sturdy. It's been here for seven generations but every single building is new. We've got fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, some places have mice, or mosquitoes. But we have...

I slammed the door shut behind me as a brilliant red dragon shot a big plume of fire straight at me. I could feel the burning heat through the door as my back pressed into it, and though I'm not exactly strong, I managed to keep the door shut.

"Dragons."

I peeked out, checked that the coast was clear, and dashed outside into the chaos, smiling a bit stupidly at all the excitement around me.

Most people would leave. Not us; we're Vikings. We've got stubbornness issues.

A giant brown dragon that looked like a cross between a pig and a bumblebee flew past me. A Viking was hanging off its head, whacking it with a stone hammer. It was having absolutely zero effect, and he was shortly thrown off.

My name is Hiccup. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents think a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that.

I ran under a log being carried by two Vikings, who stopped (a bit surprised) only to have another Viking run by hitting his head on the log and causing the two to fall over.

I tripped over a rock and my back landed roughly on the ground. I gasped as a large, menacing looking Viking with bits of burning debris in his beard landed almost on top of me, letting out a loud battle cry. He stopped, giving me a sloppy grin, and shouted, "'Mornin'!" before springing up and dashing off back into battle.

I got up too and kept running, trying to find a place where I could be safe and help out at the same time. As I ran, every single person I passed yelled at me.

"What are you doing out here?"

"Get inside!"

"Get back inside!"

I ignored them and keep going, but before I could get any further (and get burned to a crisp by a passing dragon spewing fire), a large hand grabbed my vest from behind and pulled me back, my feet dangling about two feet off the ground. The hand belonged to a huge Viking with a large red beard .

"Hiccup!" he said in an angry voice. "What is he doin' out agaiâ€" what are you doin' out again! Get inside!" He pushed me away, and I quickly gained my footing and continued to run.

That's Stoick the Vast, chief of our tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean of its shoulders. Do I believe it?

Yes I do.

I glanced back behind me and saw him Punch a dragonâ€|

â€|He PUNCHED a dragon.

He turned to one of his men and asked in a commanding voice, "What have we got?"

"Gronkles, Nadders, Zipplebacks. Oh, and Hoerk saw a Monstrous Nightmare," the Viking reeled off.

"Any Night Furies?"

The Viking shook his head. "Not so far."

Stoick nodded and absent-mindedly brushed a flaming piece of wood off his shoulder from an explosion behind him.

"Good. Hoist the torches!"

The Vikings lighted large braziers and raised them on poles into the air. The firelight revealed dozens of dragons flying overhead.

I finally reached my destination and dashed inside the blacksmith's cabin.

"Nice of you to join the party!" a burly Viking with a long braided mustache greeted me, using his artificial hand (currently replaced with a hammer) to hammer a piece of red-hot metal into shape.

"I thought you might have been carried off!"

"What? Who, me?" I said, tying a dark brown leather apron around my waist, "No, no, come'on, I'm waaaay too muscular for their taste." I lifted an enormous hammer into a hanging position on the wall beside

me and flexed my arm.

"They wouldn't know what to do with allâ€¦ thisâ€¦" I waved my hands around my torso, trying to conjure up a few muscles.

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?" the Viking asked innocently, grabbing a sword and a couple of axes and tossing them out the window to a few more Vikings approaching. He tugged the hammer off his hand and replaced it with a wrench to work on another project.

The meathead with the interchangeable hands and the attitude is Gobber. I've been his apprentice since I was little.

Well, little-er.

Originally, I would have thought that I would be given a job as an apprentice to someone who worked in a job involving something that was well more suited to my wellâ€¦.status. But when the time came, I chose Gobber. Mostly because he's been around since I was little, and I thought being his apprentice could maybe toughen me up a bit more.

Yeah, it didn't.

"Lower the defenses! We'll counter attack with the catapults!" Stoick yelled. There was an enormous crash, and I looked up to see one house collapse into a pile of blazing wood and metal.

See? Old village, lots of new houses.

As I rushed forward to help with something, a small group of people dashed past the window, arguing and shouting. I dashed up to the window to look. They were all kids my age, about sixteen or so, swarming around a cannon, all carrying buckets of water to dump on a nearby fire.

Oh, and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, andâ€¦"

A girl with blonde hair that was in a tight braid and secured on top with a headband dashed forward with her bucket and chucked the contents straight at the fire. As she swung herself around to walk forward, a dragon shot a big missile of fire right behind her, creating a big dramatic burst of flames behind her as she walked, almost in slow-motion, away from the cannonâ€¦

â€¦Astrid~!

I must have looked totally stupid with my hair blowing back from the explosion and my eyes shining with the reflected fire, gazing at her. Whenever she was around, I could hardly tell where I was standing. She was gorgeous, tough, brave, and she was perfect. I was totally smitten the first time I had set eyes on her, but she never gave me the time of day. It's probably because she's too determined to achieve greatness to notice me.

The kids ran past my window again, laughing and high-fiving, even though all they had done was throw water on a fire.

Oh, their jobs are so much cooler. I leaned out of the window, my elbows resting in the sill, to get a better look at them (I was extremely tempted to just jump out the window and run after them), and immediately was lifted off the ground by Gobber, who pulled me back inside.

"Eh! Come on, get back inside," he said in a bored voice.

"Oh come on," I said in exasperation. "Let me out! I need to make my mark!"

"Oh, but you have made marks!" Gobber said, staring at me. "Just all in the wrong places!"

"Please," I begged. "Two minutes, I'll kill a dragon, my life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

"You can't throw a hammer," he said, not taking his eyes off mine, "You can't swing an axe. You can't even throw one of these!" He held up a bolas, a type of slingshot weapon with two round stones attached to the ends, shaking them a bit. A Viking snatched the bolas from behind Gobber and twirled it around in his fingers before flinging it into the sky and bringing down a Gronkle.

"Yeah, okay, fine. But this," I said, suddenly proud, "Can throw it for me." I lifted a tarp off something I had put in the corner and displayed my invention: a bolas cannon. I patted it fondly. My touch must have activated it, though, because it suddenly sprang to life, opened up, and shot a bolas at lightning speed past Gobber. It nailed a Viking on the head, and he slumped to the ground, unconscious.

"See, now this right here is exactly what I'm talking about!" Gobber yelled, motioning to my invention wildly.

"Minor calibration issue," I rambled out. "I'll fix it!"

"No, no, Hiccup, if you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all... this," finished Gobber, sweeping his hands in front of me.

"But you just gestured to all of me," I said.

"Yes! That's it!" he said in a satisfied sort of way. "Stop being all of you."

"Oooohhhh!" I said as it dawned on me.

"Oooohhhh, yeah!" Gobber mimicked me, nodding his head.

"You- you sir, are playing a very dangerous game here," I said, trying to sound menacing. "Keeping this much raw, Vikingness contained?" I shook my finger in his face. "There will be consequences!"

"I'll take my chances," Gobber said sarcastically. "Sword. Sharpened. Now." He dumped a sword in my arms. I grunted with the weight of it and struggled over to the grinder to have it sharpened.

One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything

around here. A Nadder head would at least get me noticed. Gronkles are tough. Killing one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend. A Hideous Zipplebackâ€exotic. Two heads, twice the status. And then, there's the Monstrous Nightmareâ€| only the best Vikings go after those. They have a nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. But the ultimate prize is the dragon that nobody's ever seen. We call itâ€

A high pitched whistling sound suddenly appeared, cutting through the air, getting louder and louder. I could hear the screams of the Vikings, and that was rare.

"NIGHT FURY!" cried one of the scouts.

"Get down!" screamed another. A bright blue ball of fire came streaking through the air and exploded on impact, shattering one of the trebuchets to pieces. I gasped and raced to the window again.

This thing never steals anything, never shows itself, and never misses. No one has ever caught one. That's why I'm going to be the first.

"Mind the fort, Hiccup," Gobber said, taking the wrench out of his hand and inserting a big axe.

"They need me out there." He turned to me. "Stay."

I stared.

"Here," he said.

"In the shop," he said, looking impatient to get out into the battle.

"You know what I mean." With that, he let out a battle cry and hobbled out of the shop on his wooden leg (he's lost two limbs nowâ€I'm almost jealous), waving his axe-hand menacingly.

Seconds later, I was running outside again, steering my bolas cannon down the chaotic streets of the village, shouting apologies to the people I almost ran in to. When I finally reached the edge of a steep cliff, away from the heart of the battle, I set the cannon down on the grass, opened up the hatch on the top, and unfolded the whole thing so that I was holding a powerful crossbow/cannon in front of me. I stood up and held the sides of the cannon in my hands, steering it around in the air.

"Come on," I whispered. "Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot atâ€| I had positioned myself beside the West Cannon, because I knew that the Night Fury would be targeting it next. And sure enoughâ€|

A high-pitched dragon cry cut through the air. I hunched my shoulders and scanned the area. Suddenly, a dark shadow appeared, the disappearance of a dragon-shaped group of stars the only sign that the Night Fury was around. I frantically spun the crossbow around, trying to aim. The whistling sound suddenly cut through the air again, and seconds later there was a huge explosion to my left as the dragon's fire hit its mark. I aimed the crossbow and pulled the

trigger.

I was blown backward onto my back as the bolas erupted from the cannon and hurled, spinning rapidly, through the air. I quickly scrambled up just as a piercing dragon scream rang through my ears. My breath coming in short ragged gasps, I watched in wonder as a dark shape streaked towards the South of the island, falling, flightless, to the ground.

The dragon.

"I hit it?" I gasped in disbelief. Then I leaped up and flung my arms into the sky in jubilation.

"Yes, I HIT IT!" I twirled around and spread my arms.

"Did anyone see that?" Suddenly I smelled smoke, and a crunching sound came from behind me. I slowly turned to see a bright red dragon with twisting black horns staring at me with a murderous look on its face, my crushed bolas cannon in a million pieces underneath its claws. It growled and lowered its head to stare at me with bulging yellow eyes with narrow pupils. A Monstrous Nightmare. "Except you," I said.

I heard the sickening sound of bones cracking out of place and dislocating themselves as the dragon began taking it's 2nd stage form. It's scales began to mush together with it's skin (save for the scales on it's tail and parts of it's wings) until it finally became a spotty red skin. It's tale and teeth shrank as to fit together with it's form.

This, was not good.

A dragon's 2nd form is extremely light-footed and runs fast as opposed to it's original form. It only seems logical that if a dragon suddenly changes, that means either A, It's too big to fit somewhere, B, It's letting it's guard down or going to sleep, or C, it is going to chase you.

I guessed C.

The dragon, who I now concluded to be male from his form's masculine features, chased after me, swiping his claws at my heels as I screamed in terror and scrambled over rocks, trying to get down the hill and back to the (somewhat) safety of the village. I dashed behind one of the braziers and cowered behind it, my chest heaving. All at once the pole was hit from the back with a pounding blast of lava-like fire, and I balled my hands and put my arms in front of my face in a weak attempt to shield myself. The fire crackling, I slowly peered around the edge of the pole. All I saw was a dragon's tail. It was snaking around the other side. Which could only mean that the head wasâ€”

A blur shot past me and the dragon let out a hoarse cry of pain shockingly close to my ear as Stoick punched it right in the face.

I watched fearfully as he faced off with the dragon. The Nightmare opened its mouth and tried to blast the chief with fire, but it was out of fuel. Each dragon had a limited number of shots at a time. The dragon burped out a tiny gob of sticky fire and looked at Stoick



sheepishly.

"You're all out," Stoick whispered menacingly. Then he charged at the dragon with a mighty battle cry.

After a few hard punches to the jaw and head, the Nightmare got the idea that it wasn't really such a great idea to fight with this guy and flew off, whimpering and hastily changing back to its much larger form mid-flight. I quickly ducked behind the pillar again, out of Stoick's sight. I knew he would be mad.

Just then, the fire ate through the bottom of the brazier, and it finally toppled over like a tree, revealing me standing there behind it, staring at Stoick, at a loss for words. Me, I mean, at a loss for words. Not Stoick. The brazier, dragged down considerably faster because of the enormous supply of lighted coal in the basket at the top, practically flew to the ground and smashed into a bridge, reducing it to a pile of splintered wood and metal pile that resembled my cannon. The basket separated from the top of the column and rolled through the village. I winced at each crash it made, watching it crashing into several homes, and running over a few people before rolling right into the ocean and disappearing with a hiss.

The dragons, carrying whatever food they had managed to steal from us, were flying away into the sunrise. The bleats of the sheep that they carried echoed over the water. They were gone from sight within a minute. Everybody just stood and watched. Then they all turnedâ€”every single personâ€”and glared at me.

Especially Stoick.

Oh, and there's one more thing you ought to knowâ€”|

"Sorry, Dad," I said sheepishly.

Everybody just stared at me some more. I looked over at the ruined bridge, assessing the damage. The pillar was still lying in the middle of it. Some of the other Vikings began to take interest in my (indirect) destruction too. As I glanced back at Stoick, my dad, I could see that his gaze hadn't wavered from my face.

"Okay, but I hit a Night Fury," I said, jabbing a thumb at the bridge.

"This isn't like all of the other times, Dad!" I cried as he dragged me through the village by the back of my vest. I saw Gobber staring at me with a pitying expression.

"I really did hit one this time! You guys were busy, and I had a very clear shot! It went down just off Raven Point! Let's get a search party out there, and then we canâ€”"

"Hiccup, stop, justâ€”stop," Stoick interrupted, holding up his hands for silence. I shut my mouth and winced.

"Hiccup, I don't have time for this," he said in exasperation. "Every time you step outside, disaster happens. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter approaches and I have a whole village to feed!"

I glanced behind me at a few of the fatter Vikings and said, "Just between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't you think?" There were a few gripes from the Vikings behind me, and I was sure they had all rubbed their bellies.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" Stoick burst out, looking tired. "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself," I say, trying to defend myself. "I see a dragon and I just have to—" I made a violent hand gesture with my hands—"I just have to kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad."

The anger from Stoick's face suddenly dimmed a bit, and something else appeared. Was it pity?

"You are many things, Hiccup," he said. "But a dragon killer is not one of them." He strode away from me and began to walk toward the damage I'd done. "Get back to the house."

I hung my head, feeling embarrassed and ignored.

"Make sure he gets home," Stoick said sullenly, gesturing towards Gobber to indicate that it was him he was talking to, "I've got his mess to clean up."

The crowd began to mutter, and some people gave me the evil eye. Gobber cuffed me on the back of my head.

"C'mon, get going," he muttered. We started moving through the crowd of villagers toward my house at the very top of the hill.

I could hear the twins laughing at me as I trudged home. "Quite the performance," Tuffnut hissed at me as we passed the other kids.

"I've never seen anyone mess up so bad. That helped!" Snotlout added meanly. Ruffnut and Tuffnut snickered and punched each other. Fishlegs gave me the same scared look he always wore. Astrid was fingering her axe and looking down.

"Yes, yes, thank you, I was trying, so..." I said in a bored voice, waving Snotlout's insult away as I passed. I heard him cry out in pain as Gobber knocked him over for insulting me, which gave me a faint burst of satisfaction, but I wasn't entirely content. For one thing, Ash had seen me totally mess up. For another thing, nobody had seen me shoot down that Night Fury. For another thing, I was in trouble again.

"I really did hit one," I said to Gobber as I neared the house.

"Sure you did," soothed Gobber, not really believing me. I knew he was trying to make me feel better (even he showed me some compassion sometimes; he was more like a father to me than Stoick ever has been, I shudder to say), but he still sounded false.

"I wish I could get him to believe me," I burst out as I reached my front door. I turned around to face Gobber so I could rant some more. "But he never listens!"

"Well, it runs in the family," said Gobber.

"And when he does, it's like, always with this disappointed scowl, like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich." I straightened my back and held up a finger like I knew Stoick would do. "'Excuse me, barmaid!'" I mimicked in Stoick's Scottish accent, "'I think you've brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side! This here, this is a talkin' fish bone!'"

"Now, you're thinking about this all wrongâ€¦" soothed Gobber, holding out his hands. "It's not so much what you look like on the outside, it's what's inside of you that he can't stand!"

I wasn't sure if he was being sarcastic or not. I gave him my best withering look. "Thank you for summing that up," I said, being equally sarcastic.

Gobber must have realized he had insulted me, because he quickly switched to a softer tone. "The point is, stop trying so hard to be something that you're not!"

"I just wanna be one of you guys," I said softly, entering the house and quietly closing the door behind me.

### 3. Chapter 3

A small groan escaped Rapunzel as she heard voices, 'Mother?' she thought assuming that she had fallen asleep, but how could her mother gotten up the tower if she was asleep? She could already hear her mother joking around with her and commencing their little chant, she could already hear her Mother's teasing voice saying, 'I love you.'

"Love you more" she mumbled. The blonde fidgeted slightly as she felt someone's hand against her forehead before her eyes fluttered open and light green orbs looked at an unknown male sitting across from her in a wooden chair. Her eyes widened as she violently sat up only to wince at the sudden pain that ran up her spinal cord.

"Dad! She's awake" the male in the seat called. He looked to be fifteen, possibly sixteen, and wore his hair down to the top of his nose in a bowl-ish cut, nearly covering forest green eyes and a coating of freckles. Though the blonde could care less about his appearance as she grabbed the nearest thing to her which was a large pillow and chucked it at him full force and started grabbing more objects as she screamed in terror. He was a man, and men had pointy teeth! Just like mother had told her!

She had never seen another human before excluding Mother Gothel and she was downright terrified. Her slender hands wrapped around the legs of a small table beside the couch she was on and swung it full force before she was grabbed from behind by thick burly arms and was picked up into the air.

"Put me down!" she shrieked and kicked her legs around and flailed her arms around before smashing the table backwards where a loud crashing noise made her assume she had broken the table. Though instead of being dropped to the floor instead she heard hearty

laughter and the boy she had been throwing things at mumble 'ah shit.'

"This one has some fire in 'er, righ' Hiccup?" a gruff masculine voice asked as the blonde was finally put down on the wooden floor where she fell to her knees and then sat down in disbelief.

"Yeahâ€¦fire" the boy named Hiccup mumbled rubbing his sore cheek where the blonde had managed to have nicked him with a large leather bound book that had been inconveniently placed next to the couch. His gaze flickered to the floor where the blonde had pulled her knees up to her chest and was mumbling to herself and hyperventilating.

"What's yer name?" Stoick asked looking down at the young woman with inhumanly long hair, she blinked before her eyes widened slightly as she looked up at him with panic. The two males felt somewhat sympathy dwelling up in them at the sight of the drenched and panicked blonde. Though it was strange considering the fact not too long ago she tried to beat them senseless with household objects.

Rapunzel's gaze then flickered back to the strangers and she bit her lower lip and inched away pointing her finger at them accusingly. "Who are you and what do you want with me?" she asked her eyes narrowing as she suddenly wished she had her frying pan but knowing her luck she had lost it in the sea.

"That's the thanks we get fer fishing ya out of th' sea?" the large man with a red beard asked jokingly as he looked down at her and offered her a hand to get up since she didn't appear menacing in any shape or form. No he saw her as a toothpick compared to the other teenaged girls on Berk. But what did he know? Perhaps she was more dangerous then she appeared.

She looked away grudgingly and crossed her slender arms across her chest before looking up at the two males with curious light green orbs before she cautiously stood up. "I'm Rapunzelâ€¦and you are?" she asked raising a brow her fear seeming to have died down by the slightest.

"I'm Hiccup and the man who brought you here is my dad, Stoick The Vast" Hiccup explained looking at her with interest since she looked very different from any of the females on Berk besides the hair thing that is.

"You don't have pointy teeth do you?"

"Wait what?"

Stoick burst out into laughter at Rapunzel's question about their teeth; ah this girl was strange indeed.

"Um, I don't have pointy teeth," Hiccup said, showing his teeth with a small smile. He shot his father a glance as the man continued laughing causing Rapunzel to shrink back with a panicked expression crossing her features as she looked at the Viking man before managing nervous laughter.

The three turned to look at the door when a man with blonde hair

and... No hand? Well, this is something that Rapunzel never thought she would go through in her life entered the home.

"Gobber!" Stoick said enthusiastically with a smile as he looked at the other man who had entered who turned his attention to Rapunzel who flinched and backed up towards a wall in fear.

"Th' mystery lass finally woke I see" Gobber said with a snort as he shifted a package in his arms before approaching the blonde cautiously and handing her the package with a soothing expression on his unshaven face.

"Here are some warmer, clean clothes for ya." Gobber looked at Rapunzel. "You know, we should probably cut your hair some if yer going to sta' here."

"No!" Rapunzel cried. She seized a hold of her hair. "Please don't cut my hair!"

The males looked taken aback. "All right, all right, we won't cut your hair yet. But if it interferes with dragon trainin' its coming off." Gobber called out over his shoulder as he exited.

"Thank you," Rapunzel replied. She touched the package, stroking it softly.

The package contained an outfit that consisted of a light grey sleeveless shirt, a brown skirt that came to the middle of her thighs, wool tights, furry boots, these weird glove things, and a light cream brown fur vest that extended down to the bottom of her skirt.

"Ya should get dressed upstairs" Stoick said as he ushered Rapunzel up the stairs and into an empty room where she could dress in privacy while he headed back downstairs.

Suddenly, she heard a wheezing followed by violent coughing. She lifted up her hair to see Pascal, blue in the face and toes while green elsewhere, lying on her shoulder. He had been flattened by the soaked hair. Rapunzel gasped. "Oh, Pascal, I am so sorry!" She picked him up and cuddled him.

"Well at least you're free now," she said awkwardly before putting him down on the windowsill of the room and turning around to change after making sure Pascal was looking away.

The blonde pulled on the articles of clothing carefully, and eyed the fur boots curiously and looked down at her bare toes which were incredibly numb at the current moment. She wiggled them and sighed in relief that they still functioned properly since it was freezing and she wasn't used to it since it was always warm all year long in her tower for some reason.

"You get your wish. Dragon trainingâ€¦you start in the morning." Stoick said awkwardly.

"Oh, man, I should have gone first," Hiccup began. "Because I was thinking, you know, we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings," he said making punching gestures.

"But do we have enough bread-making Vikings or small-home-repair Vikings?" Hiccup carried on with the raise of a brow as he looked at his father.

"You'll need this." Stoick placed a heavy looking axe with a wooden hilt in Hiccup's arms seeming to have disregarded anything the teenage boy had been saying.

"I don't want to fight dragons." Hiccup said blandly with a serious expression crossing his facial features.

"Come on. Yes, you do."

"Rephrase. Dad, I can't kill dragons"

"But you will kill dragons"

"No, I'm really very extra-sure I won't."

"It's time Hiccup" Stoick said determined as he looked down at his son with a proud look in his eyes that read that he wasn't going to let the topic drop.

"Can you not hear me?" Hiccup asked exasperated and somewhat annoyed.

"This is serious son." Stoick said as he picked up the axe from Hiccup's grip which the young male was thankful for since the weight was bothersome.

"When you pick up this axe, you carry all of us with you." Stoick carried on putting the axe back down into Hiccup's arms before snatching it back up. "This means you walk like us, you talk like usâ€|." He stopped and placed the axe back in Hiccup's arms and straightened him up before giving a triumphant smile.

"â€|. And you think like us."

"No more of â€|this." Stoick finished gesturing towards Hiccup with a large beefy hand.

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Deal?"

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided" Hiccup pointed out as he looked up at his father.

"Deal?" Stoick repeated this time more aggressively as his thick brows narrowed as he looked down at the auburn haired teenager.

"Deal." Came the reluctant reply.

"Good" Stoick said not even seeming to disregard Hiccup's crestfallen face as he pulled on his large basket and started making his way to the front door to leave for the hunting of the dragons nest.

"Train hard" he said clenching his fist as he looked back at Hiccup with hope.

"I'll be back. Probably." Stoick said doubtful as he pulled on his helmet and walked away.

"And I'll be here. With Rapunzel. Maybe." Hiccup called out after his father only to have the door shut with a thud leaving the teenage Viking standing there with an axe that weighed his weight.

"How much of that did you see?" He asked looking back up the stairs to see Rapunzel who managed a sheepish smile as she looked at him.

"Umm all of itâ€¦.I'm sorry" she said twiddling her thumbs as she looked at him sympathetically, she could understand his situation since the last thing she had done with Mother Gothel was fight about leaving her tower, once again.

"It's fine he's always like that, at times I just wish that he'd ju-" "Just listen?" Rapunzel asked cutting him off with a sad expression as she remembered how she had left her mother who had done nothing but been kind to her and watch out for her. She lowered her gaze and looked at her fur boots.

"Yeah but doesn't seem like that'll ever happen anytime soon" Hiccup said sarcastically as he placed the axe down where it leaned against the stairs. He then looked back up at Rapunzel before gesturing for her to come down the stairs and join him which she reluctantly did after a moments of hesitation before smiling slightly as Pascal popped out of her hair and adjusted himself upon her shoulder.

"What the hell is that?" Hiccup practically shouted as he looked at the small reptile, it looked like a relative of the Terrible Terror with its small size.

"It's a Pascal." The small dragon made a squeaking noise in protest. "Well excuse me he's a chameleon."

"You have to hide himâ€¦.Vikings don't take kindly to dragons."

"He's a chameleon."

"Yeah sure but just hide him."

"Well as long as its day out, might as well show you around town" he said awkwardly as he rubbed the back of his neck looking at the blonde who smile enthusiastically about the idea.

"I'd love that!" she said clapping her hands together seeming to have forgotten that all not too long ago she had tried to murder him with household objects and practically fainted at the sight of him and his father.

"Great looks like I'll be your tour guide then" Hiccup said with a slight smile as he looked at the blonde who had already made her way down the stairs with her hair in a large bundle in her arms causing him to raise a brow and manage a nervous laugh. "You're going to have to do something with allâ€¦.that" he said casually as he gestured towards her large bundle of hair with a slight smile on his face.

"Oh, alright then" Rapunzel said looking down at her hair with a quizzical scowl as she wondered what to do with it before she looked up at Hiccup as he sighed slightly. "I'll braid it for you" he said a bit miffed about the fact he could braid, it was mostly his mother's fault in his defense as he gestured for Rapunzel to give him her hair.

The blonde looked hesitant before handing the heavy bundle over causing Hiccup's eyes to widen slightly at the weight of all the hair. "Damn your neck must be strong" he joked earning a small laugh from Rapunzel before he commenced braiding her hell lot of hair.

"Okay it took me half an hour but I did it!" Hiccup said triumphantly as he pulled his hands away from the sturdy braid that he had just done, of course her hair was still overly long but now she could wrap the bottom half around her neck like a scarf which she had just done.

"Thank you" Rapunzel said politely as Pascal had already burrowed himself into her braided hair as he had always done since the two had first met only a short few years ago.

"It's nothing" Hiccup said modestly with a small smile, he was still a bit surprised that someone had actually thanked him since that never happened, like ever! He shrugged it off and stood up straight as he began leading Rapunzel out of the house and onto the chilly streets of Berk which weren't as full as usual due to a majority of the Vikings leaving to go hunt down the dragons nest with his father as they had been discussing for months.

"Well I'll take you to the training arena which is where you'll find a majority of the other teenagers around here, and then we can go to the Smithy, that's where Gobber works, don't worry he's not that bad, sure he could be better but not bad" Hiccup said before stopping short as he realized that he was rambling on and managed an embarrassed expression as he looked over his shoulder at Rapunzel who was looking around excitedly before she started singing.

\_Just smell the grass! The dirt! Just like I dreamed they'd be!\_

\_Just feel that summer breeze - the way it's calling me\_

\_For like the first time ever, I'm completely free!\_

\_I could go running\_

\_And racing\_

\_And dancing\_

\_And chasing\_

\_And leaping\_

\_And bounding\_

\_Hair flying\_



\_Heart pounding\_

\_And splashing\_

\_And reeling\_

\_And finally feeling\_

\_Now's when my life begins!\_

Hiccup cocked his head to the side with a raise of the brow wondering as to why Rapunzel was singing, in public, of all places. She had a lovely singing voice but really? He shook his head ignoring the strange looks the pair was getting from people who had seen the singing as they walked down the street.

"Do you do that all the time?"

"Do what?"

"Sing in public?"

"Not all the time, why ask?"

"Uh no reason."

The two made their way towards the dragon training arena which Hiccup prayed was empty since he didn't want to be seen with the girl who broke out into spontaneous singing something that Vikings didn't do in their lifetimes. Though it seemed that the gods hated him since before the two were the other teenagers and Astrid who were looking at them with confusion.

"Who's the powder puff?" Ruffnut asked with a sneer as she looked Rapunzel over with a curious expression.

"Yeah who's the babe?" Snotlout and Tuffnut asked in unison as they practically drooled over Rapunzel who was now hiding behind Hiccup her eyes downcast.

Okay so maybe a tour hadn't been the smartest idea she had in her lifespan.

"Babe? Dude if she's hanging out with Hiccup The Useless she's gotta be a loser to" Ruffnut said with a snort as she crossed her arms across her chest as she looked at Rapunzel and Hiccup with a sneer that seemed to suit her so well that it looked like that was the way her face naturally was.

"Her hairs too long it's going to get in her way and ours" Astrid retorted from Ruffnut's side not prying into the matters of the others as she fingered her axe as she always did when it came to matters like these.

"Ditch the loser and hang out with us" Tuffnut said managing a flirty smirk only to be shoved out of the way by Snotlout who managed a wink that made Rapunzel and Hiccup cringe at the sight of.

"He's not just a loser, he's useless, and you need to be around

people who are awesome like me" Snotlout said flexing his muscles causing the twins and Astrid to roll their eyes while Fishlegs stood meekly as he watched what was happening and fidgeting around.

Rapunzel clenched her fists getting fed up of these people badmouthing Hiccup who wasn't doing anything about it, at all! No he was making cow eyes at the blonde girl with the axe much to Rapunzel's annoyance since she wasn't saying anything about it either.

"Now come on babe lets go" Snotlout said as he walked closer and took Rapunzel's hand in his despite the blonde's protests before everyone's eyes widened in shock as a loud crunching noise sounded through the air and Snotlout crumpled to the floor clenching his bleeding nose and Rapunzel huffed and cleaned her fist off onto her dress before backing up and getting next to Hiccup.

"He's not a loser!" Rapunzel shouted loudly her brows creasing in annoyance causing Hiccup to blink in surprise as he looked down at her since no one had actually stood up for him besides Gobber but it didn't really count since the man had fun of him at times as well.

"Calm down babe

"You're all jerks if you think he's a loser when you don't even know him! He's nice and didn't even yell at me when I threw stuff at him!" She carried on ignoring Hiccup signaling for her to calm down.

"I think that's enough Rapunzel. Well um bye guys, have fun and all that other stuff I'll be taking Rapunzel and be leaving now, so yeah" Hiccup said awkwardly before taking Rapunzel's hand and dragging her way from the scene as fast as their legs could carry them until they got back home and the door was securely closed behind them. He let go of her hand and slid to the floor with his eyes wide.

"I can't believe you did that" he mumbled looking up at Rapunzel who looked embarrassed yet still annoyed.

"They had no right to call you that" She replied hotly as she looked down at him.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, that's what friends do for each other don't they?" Rapunzel asked cocking her head to the side in a curious manner wondering if she had gotten the term wrong or not, she hoped not, and she hoped that Hiccup was alright with her thinking they were friends well she hoped he was.

"You think we're friends?" he asked incredulously sounding unsure especially when his voice squeaked at the end by the slightest.

"Um yeah, is that bad?" she asked hoping that it wasn't since she didn't have any friends except for Pascal who she had to keep hidden like Hiccup had told her to.

"No that's great" he said enthusiastically causing Rapunzel to smile widely and clap her hands in joy.

"Oh and Rapunzel."

"Yeah?"

"About punching Snotlout in the face, nice touch."

End  
file.